

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 10.—Vol. XI.]

OCTOBER, 1867.

[PRICE 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.]

DR. TUCKERMAN.

ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

"THERE are certain elementary principles of religion which, in my judgment, have all the force of axioms. One of these principles is the *absolute unity* of the Great Supreme. Another is, that He is our Father, and that He is perfect rectitude and perfect love. Another is, that I was made, and that all my fellow beings were made, for the knowledge, love, and enjoyment of God." Sustained by those principles and encouraged by Christian hope, Dr. Tuckerman went forth into the slums of humanity, and thought no place too dark for his visits if man or woman were there. We have said he was *one* of the founders of domestic missions, but we may add that no name stands so identified in America, or our own country, with this institution as his. Before he died he had the satisfaction to know that, in England and America, the work of ministering to the poorest of the poor would never cease. He also formed the first society for the religious and moral improvement of seamen, and the first farm school and asylum for the education and reformation of boys who, from loss of parents, or other causes, were exposed to extraordinary temptations, and in danger of becoming vicious members of society. Here are *three* institutions—domestic missions, seamen's churches, and reformatories—we may say he planned and left as monuments of his worth. The great object and chief ambition of his life was to be the servant of the poor. Ease and luxury and the highest society he had free access to, but his chief enjoyment was found in leading back to virtue and happiness some fallen brother or sister; and the greatest honour that was ever

done to him was the grasp of a grateful hand and the words: "Sir, I never knew a friend till I knew you." One of the chief sources of his strength and energy in this labour of love was his firm conviction, "That no human soul is utterly lost." He saw in every one a child of God, and recognised all mankind as co-heirs of eternal life. To awaken in the heart of the poor and sinful this consciousness of their dignity and high destiny, his entire life was devoted. It was this faith in man that raised him above all the difficulties of his mission; not that sighing and whimpering about the depravity of human nature. He went among the poor to serve the purposes of no sect but to breathe into them the spirit and hopes of Jesus Christ. His Trinitarian opponents took knowledge of his zeal and love and faith, and admired him and followed in his footsteps. His life may teach us all that there is nothing in our Unitarian doctrine to impair our usefulness or zeal for the public good, but much to add fresh energy to us in every work of a reformatory nature. And now let us see how he endured the hour of sickness and sorrow. His resignation and his fortitude were very impressive. His words were like inspiration, and his faith in trouble seemed to look into heaven. "In his last sickness," says Dr. Channing, "his character came out in all its beauty. He felt himself a dying man whose chief work was done. His sufferings were very great for a considerable time. He *never* complained, and many times his pale lips murmured, "The cup which my Father has given me shall I not drink it? Not my will, oh, God, but thine be done." His death was worthy of his life. On Easter Monday, 1840, his holy and loving spirit passed on to heaven.

A PROMISE THAT WAS KEPT.

ONE evening four German students at a university were enjoying themselves in an upper room of a little hotel. They had four instruments, and were enjoying themselves in making music after the hard labours of the day. There was a pause in their music, but no sooner had they ceased playing than they heard an old man playing a violin beneath their window in the street.

They went to the window and looked out, watching him until he had ceased playing. One of them threw out a little piece of money, and said to him, laughing, "Here, poor Peter, this is all we have for you now; come again some other time."

"Yes," said another, "come again in a year from now."

"Then we will give you a little house for a present," said the third.

"Yes, in the middle of a garden," said the fourth.

The old man was struck with wonder at such a promise. His long white hair shone brighter in the light of the lanterns which hung out at a neighbouring restaurant. He looked up at the window and said, after a moment's reflection: "Young people, are you in earnest in what you say to me? I hope you are not making light of an old man."

"Indeed we are in earnest," replied Earnst with excited voice, and his three companions called upon God to witness their seriousness.

"Farewell, then," replied the old man; "I take my leave of you. One year from to day, and at this same hour, expect me to come and play a tune beneath this window. Farewell, may the Almighty One, whose name you have called upon, bless you in your kindness!"

The old man went off after invoking this blessing upon them. The students closed the window, took their instruments again in their hands, and after having played three or four lively tunes, seemed to forget all that had occurred.

Earnst said to them, however, after the space of about half an hour: "You seem to be very quiet. I cannot be, for I have made a promise that I would give something which I have not got."

"What promise?" answered one of his light-hearted companions.

"The promise of a house and a garden."

A loud laugh was the response that he met with, and the students separated. They met again on the following evening, and during their interview Earnst called to mind the promise of the night before. They made light of him, and told him that he was foolish to pay more attention to it.

"Then," said he, "I don't see where your consciences are, if you can make a promise and break your word."

"How can we fulfil any promise of that kind?" said Christopher. "Our parents are all poor, and have more than they can do to send us to the university. How, then, can they help us to buy a house and garden for a foolish old man? Good night, comrades; I wish you as pleasant a sleep as I shall have."

But this kind of argument did not affect Earnst much, for he could not help thinking that he was compelled to keep his bargain.

He was the poorest one of the group, for his mother was a plain widow, and she made her living by washing. The promise that he had made deeply affected him, and he left the university for a week so that he might go home and tell his mother the pledge that he had made to the old musician.

After he had told her she replied: "Keep it, my son, keep it, if it costs you your life."

"That is what I shall try to do, mother, and I hope I shall have your prayers."

Earnst returned to the university and told his friends that they must seriously think of buying the old man a house and garden. He went to a neighbouring village one day and found that he could get a neat little house and garden for two thousand guildens. That was a large sum for those poor students to think of paying, but through the influence of Earnst the other three gradually became convinced that it was their promise. The four resolved that in one year from the time the pledge was made the old man should have his house and garden if it was in their power to get it for him.

They must leave the university—a sad proceeding for them. They came to the conclusion to go through the country and

give the concerts, for really this appeared to them to be the only way possible to gain any money.

Even by pursuing this course there appeared to be a poor prospect to get a large sum. Still they resolved to do their best. They closed their books, put their instruments in the little bags, and set out on foot to give concerts in the villages through which they might pass.

Earnst, before leaving, exacted a promise of the man who owned the house and lot which he had looked at that he would not sell it under six months to anybody; and that if he would promise to take it at the end of that time he might have it, though the money need not be paid under a year.

Week after week passed by, and the students slowly proceeded on their way. Their expenses were not heavy, but their income was certainly small too. Nine months and a-half passed by, and still they had but little above seven hundred guldens. It was a great question among them how the remaining thirteen hundred could be raised.

They were spending one day at a country town, and a nobleman living in a large castle a few miles distant was seeking musicians to play at the wedding of his daughter, who was to be married in three or four days.

Fortunately enough for the students the nobleman employed them for the occasion. The marriage ceremonies took place, and by and by it was time for the music to begin. The students had trained themselves very carefully for that evening, and their selections were certainly of a very high order.

During the course of the festivities it was noticed that the nobleman became very sad. His face wore a melancholy appearance, and those who stood nearest to him saw him weeping.

What could have caused him to be melancholy at such a time as that? One of the pieces that these musicians had played was his mother's favourite melody. She had often sung it to him many years ago, and he had not heard it since until the students played it. It was enough to make him sorrowful, and it drew these students to his heart in such a way that he could not express his feelings. They had recalled to his memory a piece of music

which he had never been able to find in any music store, and which was worth a fortune for him to hear.

I must now make my story short. The nobleman kept the four students in his castle two weeks, became acquainted with them very fully, and learned their object in leaving the university to give concerts. He supplied them with three thousand guldens, and told them he would pay their expenses at the university for four years, and they might have the privilege of making drafts on him at any time.

Their fortune was better than they had reason to expect. Earnst had already written to the owner of the house and garden that he might expect them to take it, so that it was now engaged.

The students returned to the university, and reached there just a week before the end of the year, when the house must be ready for the owner.

On the evening of the day when the old man promised to appear he stood below this window in the bright moonlight, playing on the violin. He was true to his word, and expected the promise to be kept.

The young men went down to invite him up, and told him all that they had done. They showed him the deed of his place and gave it to him. On the following day he formally took possession of it, and they supplied it with furniture and groceries for housekeeping.

The young men felt that they were amply repaid for their faithfulness to their word, by the gratitude of the old man. But they were not only repaid in feelings; they were more than repaid even in money.

Fourteen years after that time that place came into their possession; for the old man had died and bequeathed it to them in his will. That part of the town rose suddenly in value. Many things contributed to its increased value, which I will not enumerate.

It is enough to say that in seventeen years from the time the four students gave the deed of that house and garden to the old musician the same property which had cost two thousand guldens was worth eighty thousand.

The students, therefore, were not merely paid in heart, but also in money. They had kept their word, and the memory of

being faithful to their word, even to the poor old man who had no power to compel them to be true to it, was a pleasant memory as long as they lived.

CHRIST NOT GOD.

A WRITER in the *Leader* thus reduces "the proposition, that Jesus Christ was both God and man, to an absurdity."

1. Jesus Christ, as God, *was*, when this world was created; Jesus Christ, as man, *was not* when this world was created. But Jesus Christ as God, and Jesus Christ as man, was the same person; therefore the same person *was* when he *was not*.

2. Jesus Christ, as God, could not suffer, Jesus Christ, as man, did suffer. But Jesus Christ as God, and Jesus Christ as man, was the same person; therefore the same person *could not suffer what he did suffer*.

3. Jesus Christ, as God, could not be hungry; Jesus Christ, as man, was very hungry after his forty days' fast. But Jesus Christ as God, and Jesus Christ as man, was the same person; therefore the same person *could not be hungry when he was hungry*.

4. Jesus Christ, as God, eternally knew all things; Jesus Christ, as a baby, did not know all things, for He "increased in wisdom and in stature." But Jesus Christ as a baby was the same person; therefore the same person *knew what he did not know*.

5. Jesus Christ, as God, had no mother; Jesus Christ, as man, had a mother. But Jesus Christ as God, and Jesus Christ as man, was the same person; therefore the same person *had no mother when he had a mother*.

6. Jesus Christ, as God, was much older than his mother; Jesus Christ, as man, was a little younger than his mother. But Jesus Christ as God, and Jesus Christ as man, was the same person; therefore the same person, although much older than his mother, was motherless, at the same time a little younger than his mother.

7. Jesus Christ, as God, could not die; Jesus Christ, as man, did die. But Jesus Christ as God, and Jesus Christ as man, was the same person; therefore the said person *could not die when he did die*.

FOUR MILLIONS OF SPIRITUALISTS.—Judge Edmonds lectured before the Spiritualists of Brooklyn, and stated among other things that this sect now numbers four millions of believers.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE AND SYMBOLISM.

BY A UNITARIAN LAYMAN.

THE active missionary zeal now rising among the Unitarians leads us to hope that new congregations may soon be wanting new buildings to worship in; and hence a few words on the above subjects may not be out of place. All good taste in building is founded on usefulness and evident fitness. It is true that these alone will not insure beauty; but it is equally true that without them beauty is impossible. This seems particularly to forbid our being contented to copy the gothic cathedrals for our Unitarian chapels, which has been too much the fashion lately. Let us state a few of our requirements, leaving the manner in which they are to be supplied to professional architects.

1st. As rain is so frequent in our climate the porch or porches should be large enough to allow a number of persons to stand in it at once while they are putting up their umbrellas and preparing to step into the rain. The classical porticoes of Brighton and Stamford-street allow this very conveniently.

2nd. As the congregation all rise to leave the building at the same time, the doorways should be wide enough to allow them to go out without much squeezing. This rule cannot be attended to in the diminutive copy of a cathedral.

3rd. As light is necessary, and our chapels can seldom have much vacant space around them, the windows should be high, or even in the roof; and this is more particularly necessary in crowded towns. In Wren's City churches this has been carefully attended to.

4th. The gas-lights should have chimneys over them to carry off the unwholesome products of combustion. These can be placed more easily if the building has a flat ceiling. Such gas-lights may be seen in the church on the north side of Lombard-street. For want of such chimneys some of our chapels are very unpleasant during the evening service.

5. As to the ground plan of the church the cross is not a very suitable form for hearing; nobody ever saw a lecture room so shaped. Treating it as a symbol it cannot be inappropriate to any Christian Church; but as it has been made the peculiar badge of popery, it seems less

appropriate to Unitarianism; and indeed, for centuries, no Protestant Church in England was so built, until the form was a few years ago again introduced on the revival of ritualism. Perhaps the octagonal form of Norwich Chapel, and of one of Wren's most beautiful churches, would be most appropriate. This approaches the round form used by the Knights Templars.

6. A custom has lately grown up amongst us of placing the communion table against the wall like an altar. This is done in direct violation of the language of symbolism. Our preachers always tell us the Lord's Supper is not a sacrament, and the table till lately was always placed in the body of the chapel. During the Commonwealth the table was removed from the wall in every parish church in the land, but replaced there on the return of Charles II. One must set it down to the ignorance of the architect or to his disregard of the importance of symbolism, if he places the table against the wall in any non-episcopal church.

7. The altar rail is another novel introduction among us, which is symbolical of a religion far different from ours. This in all churches has been used to separate the holy from the profane, the clergy from the laity; and it is quite out of place with dissenters, whose ministers do not make the priestly pretensions of the Papists and Anglicans.

8th. In the matter of painted windows and other similar ornaments our architects are certainly placed in some difficulty, because the shops where ecclesiastical ornaments are to be procured keep a supply only for Romanists and ritualistic churches. This may be the excuse for one of our chapels where I lately saw a window with **I. H. S.** over the altar, as if we worshipped Jesus, and that at the very time that some of the Broad Church clergy have been removing those letters as idolatrous.

9th. It is easy to say what symbols are not, but not so easy to say what are, appropriate for a Unitarian church. We may, however, propose if any name is to be written up it should be that of the Almighty, and some might wish it in Hebrew letters. If painted windows are to be introduced, the subject should be taken from the parables, rather than from the history; as modern criticism is throwing a doubt on some of

the historical facts. The texts written up should be practical rather than doctrinal. Slabs in memory of our departed friends cannot be out of place. But of course the simplicity of our theology makes it more difficult to find suitable ornaments than it would be if we were a little more idolatrous.

THE DEVIL.

BY CHARLES L. BALCH.

It is remarkable with what tenacity false theological notions retain their grasp upon the human mind. Educated men, who have learned the difficult art of thinking for themselves, are perhaps unaware of the extent of the popular belief in a personal Devil. Universalists and Unitarians, who read for the most part the writings of their fellow-thinkers, will smile, perhaps, at a renewed attack upon what they may esteem a fossil dogma. It is a fact, however, that a vast majority of Christians adhere to this unscriptural, unreasonable, and pernicious notion, degrading as it is to the dignity of the Almighty Father and Creator. The following considerations may serve to exorcise the fiend from some minds and sweep his baleful shadow from others:

1. The word Devil does not occur in the Old Testament. In the plural form *devils* are mentioned in Leviticus xvii.: 7; Deut. xxxii.: 17; 2 Chron. xi.: 15; Psalms cvi.: 37; but they always refer to heathen idol-gods, and the Scriptural doctrine with regard to them is, that they are nonentities. They are like the imaginary expressions of algebra, mere formulas, words untenanted by thought, unsubstantial, shadowy creations of ignorance and superstition. So long as the Jews were comparatively unmixed and free from the influence of surrounding nations, they knew of only one God—Jehovah. But during the captivity they learned to believe in another God, namely, the Devil, as a personal existence and an eternal power. The belief came from the Persian religion of the Zenda-vesta, with its two principles of light and darkness, Ormuzd and Ahriman.

2. It is in the New Testament that we first read of demoniac possessions. Jesus did not waste the few valuable years of his ministry in discussing such matters in the spirit of scientific theology; by his life and example he overthrew all these

pagan conceptions of a personal Devil. The sublime monotheism of the Old Testament appears in brighter lustre and added glory in the universal Father of the new, whose reign is heaven and whose name is Love.

3. No Christian creed, from the Apostolic, Nicene, and Athanasian downwards, has ever demanded faith in the personality of the Devil.

4. The Devil would really be a fourth and most powerful person in the Trinity. Orthodox theology, if it were consistent, would insist upon a Quaternity.

5. To say that because we find the word Devil in the Bible therefore we ought to believe an eternally existent evil person, would logically compel us to believe in Bel, Ashtaroth, Dagon, and Moloch.

6. The Gospel is not only historical, moral, and doctrinal, but it is also a poetical book. Poetry is the vernacular language of religion, is especially its primitive language, and personification is the most common figure in poetry. Among the Jews, according to Athanasius Coquerel in his "*Satan disguise en ange de lumiere*," Satan represented sin, falsehood, evil, in fact, and the kingdom of evil. When Jesus wished to depict the rapidity of the victories of Christianity he said, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." When he wished to condemn the error of Peter, counselling him to avert the sufferings of death, He turned and said unto him, "Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offence unto me, for thou savourest not of the things that be of God, but those that be of men." When Paul said, "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light," he proclaimed the essential purity of our nature; that we are not prone to sin but to goodness, and that evil could never tempt unless it assumed the garb of righteousness. Of course in all these passages, and these are the strongest, Satan is introduced in an allegorical sense.

7. Modern notions of the Devil are Dantesque and Miltonic, not Scriptural. These great poets are the armoury whence theologians draw most of their conceptions of the Evil One.

Why is it that our "orthodox" friends are so anxious to retain the doctrine of an eternal and local hell. This dogma, unknown to the Christian Church as an ecclesiastical organisation in the first centuries, never found in its early

creed, nor found even now except among the ultra-"evangelical" sects, has become an important part of the unwritten faith, *lex non-scripta*, and hence the zeal with which the doctrine of a personal Devil is now maintained. But all evil is negative, and sooner or later must cease. No personality, no individual soul can cease, for it is essentially immortal. Christ must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. Sin, Satan, Evil, Devil, call it what you will, must be got rid of, and the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE FOUR ELEMENTS.

"I WILL be a gardener," said Philip, when he became old enough to learn a trade. "It is beautiful, to live always among green plants and fragrant flowers." But after a little while he came home and complained that he must always stoop to the earth and creep about upon it, and it made his back and knees ache.

Then Philip wished he could be a hunter. "In the green wood," said he, "one can lead a glorious life."

But he soon came again, complaining that he could not bear the fresh air before daybreak, it was so damp and chilly, that it made his nose terribly cold.

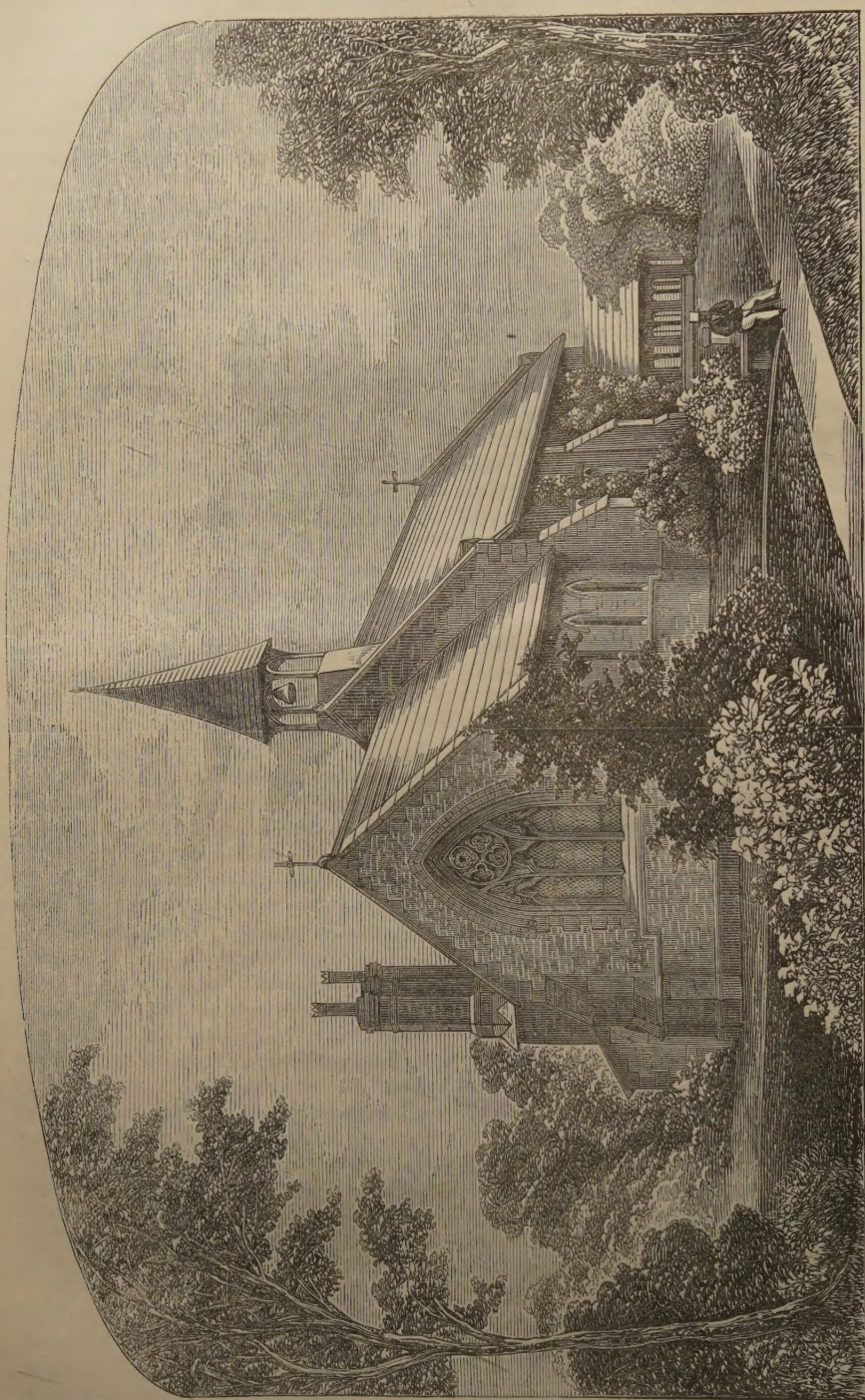
Now he took a fancy to be a fisherman. "To sail away on the bright, clear water, and, without making even a foot tired, to draw out of the water nets full of fish—that is a merry life," said he.

But he soon grew tired of this also. "Fishing is a wet business," he said, "and the water is very disagreeable to me."

At last he wanted to be a cook. "To the cook," said he, "must gardeners, hunters, and fishermen, make over everything which they gain by their work, and he never wants for a good bit."

But he soon came home, finding fault again. "It would all be very well," he said, "if it were only not for the fire. But when I stand there on the flaming hearth it seems to me I must melt with the heat."

Now spoke his father gravely, "You are nowhere contented. What pleases you in the beginning is soon unpleasant to you. If you can bear none of all the four elements—earth, air, water, and fire then you must go out of the world to be contented."



NORCLIFFE CHAPEL, STYAL.

NORCLIFFE CHAPEL, STYAL.

THIS place of worship, unlike the venerable building, a view of which we gave last month, can scarcely be said to have a history. It is the property of Robert Hyde Greg, Esq., and is situated upon his estate in Cheshire, about twelve miles from Manchester.

Styal is a small village built chiefly upon Mr. Greg's estate, and inhabited, for the most part, by the workers in the factory at the place.

Norcliffe Hall is a modern structure, but is very celebrated for the beautiful grounds which belong to it, and which, with exquisite taste, have been made to present a combination of natural and artistic beauty not often met with.

The chapel, which is situated on the outskirts of the grounds at a point where they closely approach the village, was originally erected in 1824, and was merely a square brick building, with a door at one end and the pulpit opposite to it, and with three ordinary house windows on each side.

It was built by Samuel Greg, Esq., the father of the present Mr. Greg, and was opened by the Rev. H. H. Jones, who was appointed minister. But Mr. Jones was a Baptist, accordingly Norcliffe chapel first existed as a Baptist place of worship. Soon after Mr. Jones' settlement, there being no other place of worship in Styal, the building was found to be too small, and it was lengthened, so as to be nearly half as large again as when first built.

In 1833 Mr. Jones was succeeded by the Rev. John Colston, who was Unitarian, and after the chapel had been closed for a short time and had undergone some repairs, &c., it was opened as a Unitarian chapel, which it continues to be. The present minister is the Rev. Alfred Payne, who succeeded Mr. Colston in 1864.

For some time the chapel had shown signs of the necessity of some considerable renovation, and at the beginning of 1866 Mr. Greg resolved to effect such a change as has converted the very unattractive building originally erected into one of the handsomest country chapels belonging to our body. At present it consists of a porch of oak of a very picturesque character; a nave containing open benches to seat about 180 persons, lighted by stone gothic windows, and covered with a fine gothic roof

having a span of about 25ft., supported on stone corbels, carved to represent the heads of serials, &c.; a chancel, containing a set of stalls on each side, one of which is occupied by the choir; and also an organ chapel and vestry. The chancel windows are very noticeable, the three at the side being single lance lights, wholly of stained glass, and each containing a coat of arms, while that at the end consists of three lights, the subjects of which are intended to represent the Christian trinity of virtues—Faith, Hope, and Love—the last of which being symbolised by the Christ upon the cross. Altogether it is a very beautiful edifice, and there is every reason to hope that it will prove a blessing to the village, as it is a proof of the earnest faith of the gentleman to whose munificence it is due.

AN ARCHDEACON'S NAME FOR UNITARIANS.

SOME time ago Archdeacon Downall spoke of Unitarians as "semi-heathens," and now, Archdeacon Prest, of Gateshead-on-Tyne, refuses to co-operate in a working men's club, and advises his clergy to keep aloof, because our friend and able lay preacher, Mr. George Lucas, one of the most brave, pure, and intelligent of men, a Unitarian, is a member of the club. And the Archdeacon stigmatises Unitarians as "infidels," and says it would have been betraying the interests of religion and working men to have associated with Mr. Lucas, who does not believe in the "Fall of man and the Deity of Christ." After this we have no doubt many of our friends will believe, at least, in the "Fall of Archdeacons," and will try to hasten the fall of that system of error which perpetuates in our own free land the iniquity of a Church establishment, and which has still a vast social influence, and can alienate—even in a large town like Gateshead—many a one from the good work of educating and interesting working men, which Mr. Lucas, in his spare moments, tries to do.

For three years past Mr. Lucas has preached nearly every Sunday what he has believed to be the gospel of Christ. He has hired the Temperance Hall during that period to preach in, and has paid the expenses arising therefrom out of his own resources. In that hall he has conducted

what he supposed to be Christian worship. There he has prayed with, and for the people—there he has baptised their children, and *always* done so in the name of “The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.” He has visited the sick—he has stood by the bedside of dying men and women, and has administered to them the consolations of hope of Eternal life; and always through Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God. He has done much of this Christian work, as he regarded it, after the secular business of the day had closed; done it often in much weariness in the work, but never of it. He has returned to his study to prepare words wherewith to address the people, on the first day of the week, when, if he could have excused himself from this pressing obligation, it might have been desirable to have taken recreation. In these exercises Mr. Lucas has regarded self-abnegation as a *Christian* duty, and not as a distinguishing characteristic of infidelity. He has been in the habit of bearing this burden that others might thereby be rendered happy in their bodies, souls, and homes: that their hopes of heaven might become stronger, and the way thither, if possible, be made a little clearer. Yet it appears, if Archdeacon Prest is right, after all this cost, labour, and care, Mr. Lucas is but an infidel still. Well, one thing is clear, however—it is rather an expensive infidelity. It is an infidelity somewhat peculiar in its qualities, and not less so in its aims. If this really is infidelity, then what is Christianity?

Mr. Lucas has very properly not allowed the Archdeacon to escape without a public rebuke. A few of the concluding words we place before our readers:—“I think the ground of objection taken by Mr. Prest is, in principle, dangerous to the cause of civil and religious liberty. Let us suppose the existing condition of religious institutions in England to be somewhat altered. We will premise that *my* religious views obtained in this country, and were recognised by the State. Mr. Prest shall be in my condition of life, and I will be Archdeacon for once—at least in imagination. Now, what of it if I refused to associate with Mr. Prest in a working men’s club because, as I might conclude, he held absurd errors of doctrine tending to introduce weakness into the intellect,

and mix superstition with rational piety? Would that be a commendable course of social conduct? But, once more—we will transfer Mr. Prest to Rome. A working men’s club is opened there—shall we say, by the Pope himself—Mr. Prest is invited to take part in that club; but the Pope says, “No, sir, you are a heretic; I can have nothing to do with heretics!” Surely Mr. Prest would turn round to his Holiness and declare such an infliction worthy *only* of a pope—tolerable *only* in a country where despotism was rampant; destructive of the very foundations of social order; a course of conduct justly reprehensible by every enlightened person. The verdict of society in England would be that Mr. Prest was quite right in forming such an estimate of the proceeding of his Holiness, had it occurred in the conduct of a Pope of Rome. The argument is just as sound and as cogent, in its application to Gateshead, as it could be elsewhere. Popes are not all of Rome; nor are all popes found in Rome.”

* * * * *

So, it is thee, again, old “*blundering Theology*,” as usual, whose “*cloven foot*” has prevented the harmony of our co-operation, for the good of the labouring classes of Gateshead! Because a man connected with that institution had thought out his own convictions about religion, found them in latitudes other than those which orthodox standards recognise, and ventured to publish his convictions, all the clergy are scared away from the club. *Not a man among them has dared to show his face in the building since it was opened.* There must be a tolerable measure of the spirit, either of harmony, or *docility*, among the clerical order. Dear old Church of England,—thy clergy have ever been thy difficulty! *Well may the State Churches be disregarded by the working classes when this is the conduct of the clergy.* These gentlemen may talk to the people until the day of doom; what genial influence can they expect to exert over working men while they act in this manner? Every man can see in a moment that this is just a revival in its measure of that fatal spirit of ecclesiastical proscription which is the darkest blot upon our nation’s history.

SECTS.—Sects in Christ’s church are lines of separation traced in sand, soon to be washed away by the flow of glory’s tide.

AN EXQUISITE STORY.

IN the tribe of Neggdeh there was a horse whose name was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire.

He resolved to stain his face with the juice of a herb, to clothe himself in rags, tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar.

Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you."

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot rise, I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with his distress, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle than he set spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher, I have got the horse, and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

"You have taken my horse," said the latter; "since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it, but I do conjure you never to tell anyone how you obtained it."

"And why not?" said Daher.

"Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.—*Lamartine.*

A FEW WORDS ON FICTION.

WHAT is the highest aim to which the efforts of a writer of fiction should be directed? This is by no means an unimportant question, nor is its solution so easy as might be at first supposed. Regarded under a purely moral aspect the answer, indeed, is easy enough. A writer of fiction can have no higher aim than that of endeavouring to exercise, through the medium of the inventive faculty, an elevating, awakening, and refining influence over the imagination and consciences of others. He may not seek to impart any distinct and positive instruction, he may be the very reverse of didactic, he need not necessarily indulge in a single moral reflection, and yet all the while his efforts may be directed to the highest moral end, the endeavour to contribute, though perhaps in an inappreciable degree, to the general improvement of mankind.

Fiction has in all ages been a favourite mode of conveying moral instruction. It was on this account held in estimation among the Greeks, as the preservation of Æsop's fables abundantly testifies. It was turned occasionally to most powerful account by the Hebrew prophets, and the beautiful parables which abound in the New Testament prove to us indisputably that the highest authority did not disdain to make use of it in his teaching—indeed of him it is expressly stated that without a parable He spake not to the multitude.

Granting, then, the almost self-evident proposition that since moral instruction may legitimately be imparted by means of a tale, the highest aim of a tale writer must be of a moral kind, another question arises—a question bearing upon this subject in its more intellectual point of view. It has been remarked of fiction in contradistinction of history that in the latter, though the facts are true, they are frequently presented to us in a false setting, whereas in the former though the facts, so to speak, are false, their setting should invariably be true—true to nature and human society. If this observation be in any degree correct, can the sensational novels of the present day be considered as belonging, intellectually, to so high a class as those whose end is "to hold as t'were the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own

image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure?"

To take two examples—Miss Austen and the author of *Lady Audley's Secret*—to which of these ladies should the precedence as novelist be accorded? The works of one have stood the test of time, those of the other may be said to be still in probation; but this circumstance does not materially affect the question, for had Miss Austen belonged to the present generation we cannot doubt that her writings would have been substantially the same. In other respects she and Miss Braddon are alike. Neither of them have written, we may presume, for any distinct moral purpose; their design has been evidently to amuse rather than instruct; yet their novels, considered in an artistic light, are widely different. Miss Austen's stand out before us like an exquisite piece of Dutch painting. We recognise at the first glance their fidelity to nature, and the more carefully we study them the more ready we are to acknowledge them the productions of a true genius. The same can hardly be said of Miss Braddon's. They may attract us for a moment by their gaudy colouring, their strong contrasts of light and shade, but we do not care to look into them again and again, secure of discovering some fresh beauty that has hitherto escaped our attention—an exquisite touch, perhaps, in itself minute, yet essential to the due working up of the picture.

Aurora Floyd does not seem to us a living reality like the lively fascinating Emma Woodhouse, and happily for us we may feel tolerably well assured that no Lady Audley will ever cross our path in life, though we may be subjected any day to the inspired society of a Lady Bertram.

In Miss Braddon's novels, as in most tales of the sensational school, the charm consists in a series of mysteries, startling events, and unexpected disclosures, which keep the attention awake and the imagination in a glow. The characters are subordinate to the incidents, or, to speak more correctly perhaps, are adapted to them, whereas, in such writings as those of Miss Austen the incidents were rather to bring out the characters—to reveal to us their individual good qualities, defects, or eccentricities. It is scarcely possible to rise from a perusal of them without a deeper know-

ledge of our fellow creatures, and in this respect the benefit we derive from them is similar in kind, however inferior in degree, to that afforded us by Skakspere, to whom Miss Austen has, I think, been likened by Macaulay.

As a delineator of character Jane Austen stands perhaps in the foremost rank as novelist, nevertheless in her tales some elements are wanting. She is deficient in pathos, and in the ability to excite our deeper feelings. Of course a mere striving after pathos for pathos' sake is very objectionable; here, the step is peculiarly easy from the sublime to the ridiculous, yet in what may be called a *normal* work of fiction there should assuredly be found a pathetic as well as a humorous element.

But it may most truly be said that even in the capacities possessed by different authors there are diversities of gifts. All cannot be pathetic, all cannot be humorous; all are not endowed with a deep intuitive insight into character. To set up, therefore, any novelist, be it Charles Dickens, Anthony Trollope, or the lamented Mrs. Gaskell, as a model for the imitation of their weaker brothers and sisters, seems scarcely just or reasonable. Each of our more celebrated authors does indeed display some peculiar excellence, but not one of them can be said to possess every conceivable power or excellence—at least in the highest state of perfection. The ideal novel, combining in itself wit, humour, pathos, truthful representation of character, power to excite and yet refine the imagination, and, underlying all, a lofty moral aim, has not yet appeared in the literary world, perhaps never will appear till the end of time.

It seems to me, then, that while a young writer of fiction should study the best *types* of that style of literature, to whatever order they may belong, he should consciously imitate none. His efforts should rather be directed to the discovery of his individual capacities, for if he do violence to them—if, for instance, he apply himself with secret reluctance and misgiving to the composition of some thrilling romance, when, without any laborious effort, he could write a quiet domestic tale, the result will probably be as unsatisfactory as for an illustrator of *Punch* to attempt an historical battle-

piece. A penny tract may in its way rank higher than a three-volume novel, but whether it be tract or novel, let it be as perfect as the best efforts of the author can make it. Take what pains with it he may he will still most likely fall far short of his own ideal, for writers are not in general quite so much in love with their own productions as is sometimes imagined. Their ultra-sensitiveness to criticism arises in part perhaps from a misgiving as to the worth of that which they have composed. They may not be conscious of any positive defect in their writings, of anything which even on mature deliberation they could improve, and yet their prevailing feeling is one of partial dissatisfaction.

*"They see, yet cannot reach the height
That lies for ever in the light,
And yet for ever and for ever,
While seeming just within their grasp,
They feel their feeble hands unclasp,
And sink discouraged into night!"*

But these remarks are desultory, and have no direct bearing on the question originally proposed for consideration. How, then, has that question been answered? Merely thus: an attempt—a most imperfect one, I grant—has been made to show that while the highest aim of a writer of fiction should be to enlighten, elevate, and refine, his efforts, intellectually speaking, should be mainly directed to the discovery of his own peculiar talent, and the endeavour to bring that to the highest perfection, without, of course, neglecting any other faculty which he may possess in a minor degree. It has at the same time been intimated that he should seek to excel rather in the correct portrayal of character than in the mere power to produce excitement and sensation. Let him display as much imagination as he pleases, but let that imagination be ever under the guidance of refined taste and refined feeling.

Taking this view of the subject, it would appear as if the highest moral and highest intellectual aim of a novelist or tale writer were very much in harmony; for "to hold the mirror up to nature," to depict, in some striking form, the inevitable natural consequences of right and wrong, may be the surest means of touching the hearts and consciences of men. True, but few authors can hope to produce any powerful impression—but few can expect,

especially in the present day, when the literary market is almost overstocked—that their names will be handed down even to the next generation. Yet what of that? To be the inspirer of but one noble thought, the means of exciting a little innocent entertainment, of causing the wearied in body and mind to forget, for a brief half-hour only, their anxieties and cares, is an object not unworthy surely of an earnest Christian man or woman. And any writer, however humble, who has set about his work in a right spirit, honestly determining to make it as excellent as he can, may perhaps be excused if at its completion he feel tempted to exclaim—

*"Take it, O Lord, and let it be,
As something I have done for Thee!"*

B. A. J.

"IS IT RIGHT, FATHER?"

IN a pleasant suburb on the Surrey side of London there lived a married couple, whose early life had passed away in a very busy district of the borough of Southwark. They were fruiterers, and had from year to year carried on their business without ever thinking of the claims of the Sabbath. One great trouble had clouded their lives. Out of a large family, only one child had survived beyond the first two years, and little Annie would most probably have lain beside her little brothers and sisters in Norwood Cemetery, but that she had been sent down to the coast of Sussex, to an aunt who lived there, and who not only had to rejoice over seeing the little sickly blossom consigned to her grow into a blooming, active, happy child, but was successful in teaching her little charge some divine truths, that when received into the mind, fill it with heavenly light. Annie was, in body and soul, a healthy child. The parents naturally pined after their darling, who was likely now to be their only treasure. Mr. Richards, the father, took a house a few miles from London, and having established his wife there, brought his little girl, now seven years old, home, to be the joy as well as treasure of the dwelling. On the very first Sunday after the child's return, she came down stairs dressed in her best, thinking that her father was going to take her with him, as her aunt had done, to church. He kissed her kindly, and, to her surprise, was going away.

"Where are you going, father?" said the child.

"Oh! I'm going to business, child."

"But it's Sunday, father."

"Yes—yes—I know that, my dear, but I'm obliged to go. I'm very sorry, but I must. Now don't cry; I'll be home early, my child."

"But is it right, father?" sobbed little Annie. "Is it right? Is it right, father?"

"Is what right?"

"Why, going to work on Sunday, father?"

"Right—I don't know. It's very hard, that I know—but I must go—I must go."

He kissed his little girl's wet cheek fondly, and with an uncomfortable feeling that he had never felt before, he set off toward the City.

"Is it right, father?" The words kept ringing in his ears. He could not silence them. He felt that if he had told his child yes, he would have uttered a lie—taught his innocent child a most unwise lesson. No, it was not right. Was he then to keep on doing wrong, when even his little child had, by her question, convinced him. Was he?

For hours that day these thoughts troubled him; the words, "Is it right, father?" vibrated through him, until he was brought to say, "No, it is not right, and, God helping me, I'll give up Sabbath trading—I will."

He got home that evening in time to hear little Annie say her evening prayers, "Make me a good girl." "Ah, child!" said Mr. Richards, interrupting her, "say, also, 'Make father a good man.'" These simple words were uttered; the loving kiss given; it was the father's turn to wipe away the tears from his eyes. He kept his resolution. From that day he closed his shop on Sundays.

"We shall have to leave our new little country dwelling," said his timid wife. No, they had not. They prospered more than ever from that time forth.

"I like to deal with a tradesman that keeps the Sabbath," said the most respectable people of the district where the shop was; "for if he won't cheat his own conscience, he won't cheat me." And he still lives to testify, as he has often done, "My little girl turned me from Sabbath breaking when she said, 'But is it right, father?'"

ORTHODOX HYMNS.

THE hymn book used in two of the little parish churches in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells suggests a few remarks. The volume may be well-known to many of us, being that edited by the Rev. Wm. Harrison, and published by Routledge for the small sum of fourpence, in order, as the preface tells us, to supply a great want felt by most parish ministers of the rural districts—a hymn book within the reach of the poor.

The selection, we are told, has been carefully made with the view of combining, as far as possible, simplicity and devotion with poetry, so as to be generally intelligible to the lowest, and yet not to offend against a cultivated taste.

When we turn over the pages and see that the little volume really contains some of the most beautiful hymns in our Unitarian hymn book, we naturally pause at those in the collection that are very much opposed to the opinions we have been brought up in—very much opposed to anything we Unitarians should desire to set before the poor of a rural district. What shall we say of the following well-known lines:—

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

Have they a moral tendency? or do they not rather seem to hold a cloak over sin? Yet this hymn may be met with, neatly printed on a fly-leaf by the zealous religious societies of London, and posted upon the corners of dead walls and palings.

Another hymn, as general a favourite as the first among a certain set of people, gives almost the same sentiment in more abject language:—

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling,
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
Vile, I to thy fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

Surely all clear ideas of the duty of self-exertion, every thought of the religion of keeping one's self pure and unspotted from the world, is here lost, or wilfully wrapped in confusion; while sadly paralysing to all real effort is a second verse in this same hymn—

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy laws' demands—

Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow;
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

A third hymn, which gives an unusually mystical and confusing view of the Divine arrangements by telling of "the Incarnate God ascended, who pleads the merits of His blood," gives a no less bewildering view of human duty—

Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream,
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him.

Surely Unitarians have a great deal of work yet waiting for them as long as teachings so degrading in their tone are being religiously spread around us. The inconsistency that lies between the natural moral impulses and the artificial theological teachings of these zealous labourers, and their artificial theological teachings helps to show up the fault of their own system. The little volume before us is not wholly filled with thoughts such as those quoted. On the contrary, it contains the following soul-nerving lines that we would willingly copy into our own hymn books:—

Oft in danger—oft in woe,
 Onward, Christians, onward go—
 Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
 Strengthened with the bread of life.

Well may we ask which of the two is the spirit that ought to fill our lives? Whether ought we, each of us for ourselves, to brace up our strength, and, in the language of St. Paul, to "put on the armour of righteousness against our temptations," or to fold our hands and to wait helplessly for a salvation from above according to the too usual orthodox doctrine?

Perhaps the work most clearly laid out for Unitarians is to endeavour, by their teaching—but still more by their example of a consistency between life and doctrine—to lead the world to put some meaning into the dogmas of religion, so that it should at least be impossible for the same church to sing hymns of such wholly opposite tone, or for the same hymn book to show them side by side. It is because many of these doctrines are mere senseless words in the mouths of their supporters, that an age of better moral feelings, such as that we live in, has not already thrown them away.

E. S.

LUTHER.

A COARSE, rugged, plebian face it was, with great crags of cheek-bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite. But in his dark eyes were floods of sorrow; and deepest melancholy, sweetness, and mystery were all there. Often did there seem to meet in Luther the very opposite poles in man's character. He, for example, of whom Richter had said that his words were half-battles—he, when he first began to preach, suffered unheard agony. "O, Dr. Staupitz, Dr. Staupitz," said he to the Vicar-General of his order, "I cannot do it. I shall die in three months. Indeed, I cannot do it." Dr. Staupitz, a wise and considerate man, said upon this, "Well, Sir Martin, if you must die, you must; but remember that they need good heads up yonder, too. So preach, man, preach, and then live and die, as it happens."

So Luther preached and lived, and he became, indeed, one great whirlwind of energy, to work without resting in this world, and also before he died he wrote very many books—books in which speaks the true man—for in the midst of all they denounced and cursed, what touches of tenderness lay.

Look at the "Table Talk," for example. We see in it a little bird, having alighted at sunset on the bough of the pear tree that grew in Luther's garden. Luther looked upon it, and said, "That little bird, how it covers its wings, and will sleep there, so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces, and the great blue depths of immensity. Yet it fears not—it is at home. The God that made it, too, is there." The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration is in other passages.

Coming home from Leipsic in the autumn season, he breaks forth into living wonder at the fields of corn. "How it stands there," he says, "erect on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its beautiful golden head with bread in it—the bread of man, sent to him for another year."

Such thoughts as these are as little windows, through which we gaze into the interior of the depths of Martin Luther's soul, and see, visible across its tempests and clouds, a whole heaven of light and love.—*Carlyle.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A HINT TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Sidney Smith, a good authority on this subject, says, "In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigour it will give your style." The same writer says, "All pleasantries should be short, and for that matter, all gravities too."

LOOK UPWARDS.—A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked along he kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the ground, hoping to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a goodly number of coins, gold and silver. But all these years, while he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought his treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth as a dirty road to pick up money in as you walk along.

EARLY PSALMODY.—Psalm-singing was first introduced in the reformed religion by the Dissenters, and has hitherto been more used by them than by the Established Church. But their great aversion to anything resembling Popery led them to abandon every kind of what was then called "curious singing," and of course they would not allow their worship the embellishment of any musical instrument. Psalmody flourished so far back as the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was the custom for the parish clerk to set the tune by the sound of an old brass candlestick, upon which he rapped his knuckle to give the key. As this puritanical stiffness wore off, the candlestick was gradually supplanted by a pitch-pipe; and about the year 1650 a still greater innovation took place by the introduction of a bass viol, an instrument which had never before been heard in any place of public devotion.

VOLTAIRE ON MARRIAGE.—Voltaire said:—"The more married men you have the fewer crimes there will be. Marriage renders a man more virtuous and more wise. An unmarried man is but half of a perfect being, and it requires the other half to make things right; and it cannot be expected that in this imperfect state he can keep the straight path of rectitude, any more than a boat with one oar or a bird with one wing can keep a straight course. In nine cases out of ten where married men become drunkards, or where they commit crimes against the peace of the community, the foundation of these acts were laid while in a single state, or where the wife is, as is sometimes the case, an unsuitable match. Marriage changes the current of a man's feelings, and gives him a centre for his thoughts, his affections, and his acts. Here is a home for the entire man, and the counsel, the affection, the example, and the interests of his better half keep him from erratic courses, and from falling into a thousand temptations to which he would otherwise be exposed. Therefore the friend to marriage is the friend to society and to his country."

POPULATION OF JERUSALEM IN 1867.—Jews 7100; Mohammedans 5000; Christians 3400.

DULL BOYS.—Sir Isaac Newton, when at school, stood at the bottom of the lowermost form but one. Barrow, the Great English divine and mathematician, when a boy at the Charterhouse school, was notorious for his idleness and indifference to study. Adam Clark, in his boyhood, was proclaimed by his father to be a greivous dunce. Even Dean Swift made a disastrous failure at the university. Sheridan was presented by his mother to a tutor as an incorrigible dunce. Walter Scott was a dull boy at his lessons, and while a student at Edinburgh University received his sentence from Professor Dalzell, the celebrated Greek scholar, that "dunce he was, and dunce he would remain." Chatterton was returned on his mother's hands as "a fool, of whom nothing could be made." Wellington never gave any indications of talent until he was brought into the field of practical effort, and was described by his strong-minded mother, who thought him little better than an idiot, as fit only to be "food for powder." So cheer up, my boys! there is hope for you if you will only work as these men worked.

CHANGES IN THE MEANING OF WORDS.—What a multitude of words, originally harmless, have assumed a harmful as their secondary meaning; how many worthy have acquired unworthy! Thus, "knave" meant once no more than lad; "villain" than peasant; a "boor" was only a farmer; a "churl" but a strong fellow. "Time-server" was used 200 years ago quite as often in an honourable sense for one as in a dishonourable sense, "serving the time." There was a time when "conceits" had nothing conceited in them; "officious" had reference to offices of kindness, not of busy meddling; "moody" was that which pertained to a man's mood, without any gloom or sullenness implied. "Demure" (which is *des mœurs*, of good manners) conveyed no hint, as it does now, of an over-doing of the outward demonstration of modesty; in "crafty" and "cunning" there was nothing of crooked wisdom implied, but only knowledge and skill; "crafty," indeed, still retains very often its more honourable use, a man's "craft" being his skill, implying the trade in which he is skilled. And think you that the Magdalen could have ever given us "maudlin," in its present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential weeping had been held in due honour by the world?—Dean Trench.

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Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 27, Grosvenor Park South, Camberwell, S., and all Business Letters to Whitfield, Green, and Son, 178, Strand, London.

Printed by SAMUEL TAYLOR, Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and Published by WHITFIELD, GREEN, and SON, 178, Strand.